

BEHIND THE DOOR.

By EDMUND DOWNEY,
Author of "A House of Tears," "Red
Post Park," Etc.

(Copyright, 1894, by Tilton & Son.)

CHAPTER III.

CHLOROFORM.

"What's the matter?" stammered Mr. Vickery, his eyes blinking and his face twitching. "What do you want with me?"

Constable Metcalf glanced at the agitated man from head to foot. With no sign of emotion in his voice or manner he answered him that the lady of the house had been found dead in her bed.

"Mrs. Davon dead!" gasped the man in the doorway. "Oh, you cannot surely mean that!" He held up his hands in an appealing attitude.

"I do mean it," said the policeman.

Mr. Vickery seemed overwhelmed with horror. He covered his face with his long, bony hands, his body trembling as if he were shaken by an ague. In a few moments he uncovered his face, and in a subdued voice asked:

"Does Miss Rodney know?"

"Yes, it was she who discovered the lady dead in her bed this morning."

"It is true, then. It is horrible. Shocking! I feel quite dizzy."

"You sleep rather soundly," said the policeman. "Is it possible you didn't hear any disturbance in the house while ago?"

"Disturbance? No, I heard nothing. At least nothing that I can remember," stammered Mr. Vickery, raising his



"You sleep rather soundly," eyes and gazing at the constable and at Steinworth, who was standing behind the man of the law busily chewing his yellow mustache. "Yes, I do sleep soundly sometimes. I was up late last night. It must have been when I got to sleep, I scarcely know what I am saying," he stammered again.

"Perhaps you had better get on your clothes, sir," suggested Constable Metcalf. "I expect you find it chilly standing there; your teeth chatter."

"Thank you. Yes, it is cold. I will get on my clothes."

Suddenly the bravery which found its way into his voice disappeared. "Great heavens!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "This is terrible—what you tell me of Mrs. Davon!"

"Ah, here comes the doctor at last!" exclaimed the policeman. "Come, get on your clothes, sir," to Mr. Vickery.

"I'll take the liberty of locking you in your room while I attend to the doctor," said the policeman to the man.

As the policeman turned round on the landing, the keys of the bedrooms in his pocket, he saw the figure of a portly man, something under the middle height, on the first landing.

"All right, doctor," said the constable, moving quickly down the five steps. "That's the room, and this is the key." Turning the door of the dead woman's room, and entering Dr. Stanley Percival into the bedroom.

Albert Steinworth still remained on the upper landing gazing his yellow mustache.

Dr. Stanley Percival was a grave, taciturn man, about 55 years of age. He had a large practice in Clayfields, and fully deserved his popularity and the reputation for ability which he had earned.

As he approached the bedside of Mrs. Davon he sniffed the air. "Um!" said he, looking toward Constable Metcalf. "Chloroform."

"I got an odd sort of smell, doctor, as I entered the room first, but I didn't know what it was."

Dr. Percival was now busy examining Mrs. Davon. A quick look had surged into his breast when he had smelled the chloroform. The lady might be only stupefied with the drug.

A brief examination, however, took all the hope from Dr. Percival's breast. Mrs. Davon could never be brought back to life.

"She has been dead some hours," he said sadly.

"So I thought myself, sir. I have had some experience with corpses, doctor, or I should not be so bold as to venture an opinion. Might I ask what you think it is, sir?"

Dr. Percival touched his head. He was standing close to the bed, his arms folded across his chest, his eyes fixed on the face of the dead woman. Suddenly sniffing the air again, he stepped back a couple of paces, and then he stooped, and thrusting his hand under the bed he felt about him for a few seconds, and with an air of satisfaction he drew out from under the bed a sponge.

Smelling the sponge and offering it to the constable, who sniffed at it vigorously, the doctor said, "I thought the chloroform wasn't very far off, and then went back to the bedside."

"Um!" said he after a pause. "This is strange."

"Very strange, sir," said the policeman. "Queer job altogether. The face looks distorted, doctor, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Dr. Percival absently. He again turned to the dead body and peered into the half closed eyes.

"It's a rare business all round, sir," observed the policeman, frowning sternly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dr. Percival, snapping his lips and losing his absent manner. "Well, constable," said he briskly, "I can do no good here, unfortunately. I'll take that sponge. You saw where I found it."

"Yes, sir."

"It may be of serious importance. As the spirit has not entirely evaporated the sponge cannot have been here long. I think you had better lock the room up and report matters at your station."

"I asked Miss Rodney to give word to one of my mates if she chanced to meet one. I suppose it was the chloroform did it, doctor?"

"We shall see. We shall see," said Dr. Percival. "As I have told you, I can be of no further use here just now. Mrs. Davon is dead—has probably been dead for some hours. You will find me at my house if your inspector should want me before 11 o'clock or after 2. I'll be on my rounds between 11 and 2. Good morning, constable."

"Good morning, sir," said the policeman, ushering the doctor out of the bedroom.

"Don't upset yourself, my dear Miss Rodney," Metcalf heard the doctor say as the physician reached the hall.

"And it is true then, doctor? She is dead?"

"It is unfortunately too true. But there, don't upset yourself, like a dear young lady. I'll call round about 11 if I can manage to snatch the time then. If not, I'll come later. Don't trouble. I'll open it for myself."

Constable Metcalf had succeeded in closing the door of Mrs. Davon's room—the lock seemed to be unusually obstinate on this occasion—by the time the noise of the closing of the hall door upon Dr. Percival reached his listening ears. Then he heard sounds of violent sobbing proceeding from the front parlor.

"The poor young lady's grief is nothing to me, of course," reflected the constable, who had a softer corner in his heart than he gave himself credit for. "We must see what happened here during the night. I wonder has she given the word to any of my mates?"

He was not, however, eager to be disturbed just then by the advent of a fellow constable or by an inspector. He was losing no time, and the more information he could acquire the better for everybody. He turned round and again mounted to the second landing.

Albert Steinworth was leaning against the jamb of his own bedroom door, biting his thumb nail.

"I suppose it really is all over then?" said the young man, straightening his back and pointing toward the room where the body lay.

"Dead as a doornail," said the policeman. "I thought so myself when I entered the room this morning—exactly as the stroke of 6 it was then—but it isn't do to be offering professional opinions in matters of life and death."

Has the gentleman in here," pointing with the thumb of his right hand, "made any move since?"

"No—at least I have heard nothing."

"He ought to be dressed now. Perhaps he is waiting to be released."

Constable Metcalf knocked at Mr. Vickery's door, and in response to the summons heard a grunt. "Come in!"

The policeman opened the lock, turned the handle and threw back the door.

Mr. Vickery, fully dressed, came forward as the door opened.

"Where you aware, sir," asked the constable, "that you were locked into your room last night—or, at all events, early this morning?"

A puzzled look stole into the bloodshot eyes of Bernard Vickery.

"Locked into my room? I don't quite understand you. What do you mean?"

"Why, that I found your door, as well as the other one on the landing, locked from the outside."

There was a perplexed look in Bernard Vickery's eyes as the policeman explained about the doors. "That is odd, surely," said he. "I seldom trouble about my lock at night or about the inside bolt. I am generally a late bird. But who could have locked me in, or why?"

"Don't ask me. Now, gentlemen, I want to have a word with Miss Rodney. What will you do with yourselves meanwhile? Recollect I am acting for myself, but I think I am right in saying that you must not leave the house until I have further instructions about you."

"I suppose, then," said Steinworth, who had been strangely silent, "that I may put Paddington finally out of my head?"

"I should say so."

"All right, policeman. There is no use in crying over spilled milk." He took off his hat and rubbed the sleeve of his coat round it.

"You see, we shall want the assistance of every one in the house to clear up the mystery—for it looks a bit mysterious—of Mrs. Davon's death. Ah! I think I hear the voice of one of my mates in the hall. I'll send him up here to you while I go down to the young lady. You'll keep my mate in chat, I hope, gentlemen. It's very awkward, I know. He's a gruff sort of customer, but he means well."

Steinworth nodded in a careless way, and abandoning his hat, he again addressed himself to his mustache.

"Now, sir," said Constable Metcalf, glancing at Mr. Vickery, "I'll take the liberty of locking your room."

"This is very arbitrary, surely," observed Mr. Vickery.

"Not at all, sir," locking the door as Vickery stepped tremblingly out on the landing. "Now I'll run down stairs, gentlemen."

"Can I have just one word with you," asked Albert Steinworth, "say on the lower landing?"

"Certainly, only remember I am a policeman."

"The caution, if it is meant for such, is, I think, unnecessary," following the constable down the five steps.

"What I want to ask you," said Steinworth, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "is, what does the doctor say?"

"About Mrs. Davon?" inquired Metcalf, placing his open hand on the door which now separated him from the dead woman.

"Yes; what does he think of it?"

"I don't know what he thinks—he's not very free with his thoughts, but I should say he thinks with me, that it is chloroform."

"What? Chloroform?"

"Yes; looks rather like it."

"Looks like what?"

"That the lady was sent off into her last sleep with an overdose of chloroform."

"You surely don't mean that? You can't mean that it was anything more."

Children Cry for

than an ordinary sudden death?" Steinworth's face was pinched and pallid as he put the question.

"I am afraid it looks very like murder."

"Heaven's! No!" cried the young man, trembling violently, and losing control of his voice. "Who would murder such a kind lady, and for what?"

"I don't know. I think I have said a great deal too much as it is, sir," observed the constable policeman.

"This is most shocking," whispered Steinworth. "It will drive Miss Rodney crazy. Does she know anything of this—this suspicion of chloroform, or whatever you say it is?"

"I can't say; you must not ask me too many questions. We are losing a lot of time. I am at my rate."

"What a mercy I was locked into my room last night!" exclaimed Steinworth, throwing up his hands. "There is no knowing where this will end."

"Hello, Young!" cried Constable Metcalf, affecting to ignore Steinworth's hysterics and addressing himself to his fellow constable who stood in the hall.

"Hello!" answered Constable Young in a gruff voice.

"I say, Young, will you step this way, and keep two gentlemen company up here for a bit? I want to see the young lady below."

"All right," answered Young. "Been rather long, but from the information received from the young lady I thought it best to go back to the station. Inspector Briggs will be here presently. He met Dr. Percival on the Crescent road. I left them having a chat together about this 'ere job'."

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. DAVON'S NIECE.

It was now about half past 7 o'clock. The morning mist had disappeared, and there was a promise in the sky of a fine clear day.

In the front sitting room of 13 Felspar road a young girl sat, her arms on a small table in the center of the room, her head pillowed in her arms.

Ethel Rodney, niece and only living relative of the woman lying dead, was five and twenty years of age. She was an only child, and her mother had died before Ethel had reached her fifteenth birthday. John Rodney, her father, held an honorable and lucrative post in the civil service. He was an improvident man, content always to regard the good and evil of the day sufficient. He owed to living up to every penny of his income and was always threatening himself with retrenchment. At 45, when Ethel was in her nineteenth year, John Rodney suddenly died. When his affairs were wound up, it was ascertained that not only had he saved nothing, but that he was considerably in debt. An appeal had been made to his department, and a sum of money was privately subscribed by his colleagues.

After the payment of John Rodney's debts, for which purpose the money had principally been raised, it was found there was a small sum left, and it was decided to apprentice Ethel to her aunt—a widowed sister of John Rodney, who at that time conducted a fairly flourishing millinery business in the west end of London. When Ethel had been two years with her aunt, Mrs. Davon, being anxious about her own health and eager to give up the care of her shop, decided to sell the business, and proposed to her niece they should live together in some quiet London suburb, Ethel to perform the light duties of a companion to her aunt. Mrs. Davon, on settling her affairs, found she was possessed of a sum of over £6,000, and she felt she could safely leave business and its cares behind her and be able to make comfortable provision for herself and for her niece, whom she dearly loved.

Mrs. Davon had taken the advice of a friend, and had invested her savings in one lump in a prosperous colonial bank. Then she took and furnished 13 Felspar road, and felt that at 41 years of age all her business cares and worries had been buried forever. In the third year after she had settled down in Clayfields the prosperous colonial bank went into liquidation, and the widowed lady found her capital reduced from over £6,000 to something under £1,500. She knew she was entitled to begin over again a business career, and she knew that £1,500 scarcely invested could not keep the house going. She was very much attached to the house, which she had furnished tastefully and comfortably; there was a pretty garden at the rear, and the neighborhood was supposed to be eminently healthy. Therefore she decided to try the experiment of keeping the house and letting apartments. Steinworth and Vickery had been her first and only lodgers. Both men found their quarters specially comfortable, but Mrs. Davon was just beginning to discover that the letting of apartments was not, in her case, a very profitable arrangement.

When things had come to this pass, she received another shock at hearing that the bank in which she had invested £1,500 was in a perilous condition. Without waiting to learn if the rumor was worth her serious attention she had on Tuesday, the 8th of October, gone into town and drawn her £1,500 (which had been lodged on deposit at call) out of the bank.

About 12 months previously Ethel Rodney had met at a dance in the house of a friend in Clayfields a young doctor who was at the time an assistant to Dr. Stanley Percival. Maurice Leclerc was a tall, slender, young man, about six and twenty years of age, with a pale face, a beautiful square forehead, piercing dark eyes, and crisp brown hair. Though his father was a Frenchman, Leclerc had been born in England. His mother was of Irish parentage, and young Leclerc inherited the volatile nature of his French father and the impulsive and somewhat gloomy temperament of his Irish mother. Maurice Leclerc fell violently in love at first sight with Ethel Rodney, and three months after their first meeting he proposed.

The young girl was not prepared for such swift and passionate courtship, and she declined to say "yes" or "no" to Leclerc for at least another six months. The young doctor took his refusal badly, but it did not lessen the ardor of his passion. He begged to see Mrs. Davon, but from her he got no help or promise of help. Mrs. Davon had for some reason taken an instinctive dislike to the handsome young doctor. His impulsive

manner jarred on her nerves. Shortly before Mrs. Davon closed her eyes forever on the world Dr. Leclerc got into trouble. He had left Dr. Percival for some time, and his own practice in Clayfields did not flourish. There were sinister rumors about his financial condition, rumors which reached the ears both of aunt and niece.

Mrs. Davon felt a certain amount of triumph at discovering that she had been instrumental in preventing her niece from entering into an engagement with a worse than penniless young man, but the news of the young doctor's difficulties had caused the wavering girl to make up her mind suddenly and decisively. She would marry her lover at any cost. Dr. Leclerc informed Ethel candidly of his troubles and declared he saw no way out of them except to flee from the country. He had a brother in the United States who would help him. He offered to release Ethel from an engagement which she had hurriedly entered into without her aunt's knowledge the moment the first sinister rumors of her lover reached her ears. Ethel was uncertain what to do. She loved the man wholly and earnestly, and while she was hesitating he threw himself at her feet and passionately implored her to marry him at once and to fly with him as his wife to a new country across the seas. Half in love, half in pity, she had given a reluctant consent to his wild proposal, but on calm reflection she had seen the unwisdom of taking so rash a step and had suggested to Leclerc at the last moment that the matter should be laid before her aunt.

Mrs. Davon absolutely declined to countenance Leclerc's wild scheme for rehabilitating himself, and she was so indignant at learning that Ethel had made the clandestine arrangement for flight with the young doctor (who had already unceremoniously with a marriage license) that she declared neither one nor the other should ever have a penny of her money. Losing her temper completely, she taunted Leclerc with having no object but that of escaping from the meshes in which he was entangled by marrying Ethel and possessing himself through her of sufficient money to enable him to escape from his difficulties. This taunt, which was wholly unworthy of Mrs. Davon and undeserved by Leclerc, had angered Ethel beyond measure, and on the night of the 8th of October she had given her lover at parting a promise to marry him on the following day.

Ethel had pondered over all this in the solitude of her own room on the night of the 8th of October. She was sorely grieved at having upset her aunt, but she had not yet been able to forgive the unworthy taunt which Mrs. Davon had leveled at her lover. It was long after midnight when she fell asleep, and the first sounds which had disturbed her in the morning were the sounds made by Constable Metcalf in his attempts to rouse the house.

Ethel Rodney was now in an utterly bewildered state of mind. She was frantic with grief and could not yet wholly realize that she was never again to see her aunt, whose last hours she had made miserable.

Her dazed reveries were interrupted by Constable Metcalf, who knocked quietly at the half open door of the parlor. A faint "Come in!" greeted him.

"I am very sorry, miss," said the constable policeman as he entered the room and gazed at the distracted girl, "but, closing the door, 'I must ask you for some information.'"

Metcalf was determined to have a full notebook before the matter was taken out of his hands by his inspector.

The sight of the policeman seemed to have a steadying effect on the young girl.

"Of course," she said, "I will give you any information I can. I was almost stupefied when I opened the door for you this morning, but I think I feel quieter now."

"I'm glad to hear it, miss," smiling with his notebook.

"The deceased lady, Mrs. Davon, was your aunt?"

"Yes."

"When did you see her alive last?"

"About 11 o'clock last night."

"Where?"

"In her bedroom."

"Was she complaining of any illness?"

"I do not remember that she complained, but she had not been well for some days from overexcitement, I think."

"By the way, miss," said the constable after he had committed this information to his notebook, "are you aware that the window of this room here was opened during the night?"

Ethel Rodney rose quickly from her chair at the question, her face distorted with terror.

"What do you mean?" she asked, pointing. "The window opened during the night? You surely don't mean to convey that any one broke into the house last night. Oh, do not tell me this," she murmured. "It is almost more terrible than what I discovered this morning."

She fell back into her chair and buried her face in her hand.

(Continued on third page.)

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pure

Blood

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. \$1 per bottle.

cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. See

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pure

Blood

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. \$1 per bottle.

cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. See

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pure

Blood

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. \$1 per bottle.

cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. See

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pure

Blood

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Caid.
Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BIG FALLS NOT FATAL.

THAT IS, HERE IS A LONG RECORD OF JUST SUCH CASES.

Remarkable "High and Lofly Tumbling" by Men, Women and Children—From What Height May a Person Fall and Not Be Killed Thereby?

From how great a height may a person fall and live? This question was suggested by the experience of Dr. Heintz, the Zurich professor, who told how he fell a great distance down a glacier in Switzerland and lived to relate his sensations. His aim was to prove that sudden death was not painful. The other phase of the question—how far may we fall unharmed—is just as interesting, however.

The well known Alps wanderer, Sigrist, fell backward off the crown of the Korpstork Alp, Switzerland, and landed on the rocks at the foot of the glacier. Of course his fall was somewhat broken as he bounded from spur to spur, but the fall was a great one nevertheless.

Of the persons who have fallen from a balloon no record has been kept, but the accidents have been sufficiently dangerous to prove that a great fall does not always end human life. In July last The Post-Dispatch recorded the feat of a negro who, to escape punishment for stealing a ride, jumped over the Delaware bridge on the Erie railroad at Port Jervis, N. Y. He fell a distance of 80 feet, and though striking on his head in a bed of gravel covered only by six inches of water, he escaped serious injury.

George Peterski, a young Polish boy aged 11, went out for huckleberries on the Honeyock mountain, near Port Jervis, N. Y. He ventured too near the edge of a cliff known as Eagle Nest, and, slipping on a stone, was hurled over. The descent is nearly perpendicular and the lad rolled and tumbled over the jagged rocks a distance of 400 feet to the railroad tracks below. He was picked up torn and bleeding from a hundred wounds and unconscious, but still alive.

That case had youth in its favor. Here is a case of age. Mary Germa, aged 70 years, recently fell 30 feet from a window of 257 Camden street, Newark, N. J., and escaped with only a badly bruised hip. She lost her balance while shaking a dusting cloth from the window and fell upon hard ground in the back yard.

Here is a case of an infant: At Rockaway Beach, N. Y., George McVay, 2 years old, tumbled out of a third story window without receiving any injuries except a bruised eye and a skinned nose. He crept to the window while his mother was asleep. His fall was broken by an awning.

Women seem especially able to drop from any height and receive little or no injury. In France recently a woman tried to commit suicide by jumping from a high bridge. She was hardly injured. Near Niagara falls a woman fell

over a precipice and landed some hundred feet below, alive and able to tell of it.

Mrs. Annie Kenney leaped out of a fifth story window of 125 East One Hundred and Eighth street, New York, and sustained only a few slight bruises on the face. The woman was half asleep at the time and walked over the roof of her own house to that of her neighbor's. She swung off the roof to a fire escape and asked the occupants of 125 for a ladder. On being refused she leaped to the ground. Clotheslines stretched across the yard between the tenement windows, and the woman rebounded from one of these to another in her fall, until she finally landed, badly shaken up, but otherwise unharmed.

August Johnson, a joiner, residing in Middletown, Conn., fell from the fourth story of a building on which he was working, turning a complete somersault and striking with his head on some boards which projected from the first story. He managed to catch hold of the boards, to which he clung until he was rescued. He fell 40 feet. He was not injured in any way.

Edward Christie fell from a scaffold which gave way at the fourth floor of a new building at Madison avenue and Seventy-second street, New York. Although he fell four stories, he sustained no more than a fracture of the thigh and right arm. Christian Jensen, a painter, of White Plains, N. Y., fell from a ladder to the ground, a distance of 40 feet, and is alive to tell it. George Falley, 14 years old, fell through the fire escape of 772 Tenth avenue, New York, from the fourth to the first floor, and received not the slightest injury. Such is the elasticity of youth.

Express Messenger Edward Stevens of Water Valley, Miss., was dozing and fell from his car door. He was not missed until 25 miles had been passed. A message was sent back to the effect that he must have fallen from his car. A hand car was rigged up and several men started down the track to look for him. They found him three miles away, lying within two feet of the track, sleeping. He awoke as soon as they touched him and asked what was wanted. He said he had no recollection of falling, and imagined himself asleep in his bed at home. The train was running 40 miles an hour when he fell off. He was not hurt.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

This Cure.

A good story is told of Byles after he was raised to the bench. The judge was one day trying a man for stealing, when a medical witness was called, who stated that in his opinion the prisoner was suffering from kleptomania. "And your lordship of course knows what that is."

"Yes," said Byles quietly. "It is a disease which I am sent here to cure."

—Temple Bar.

The synapsis, a water insect, is provided with an anchor, the exact shape of which is shown by a child. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

Business Cards.

Alex. N. Barker,
DEALER IN
Lumber & Hardware
BRICK, LIME, CEMENT, ETC.
205 THAMES ST.
—AND—
LOPEZ WHARF,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Removal.
LAW OFFICES
OF
PECKHAM & TYLER,
ROOMS 18-19 Trinity Building, 111 Broadway, New York City.
(Near Wall Street.)
Telephone Call, "493 Continental." 4-15

ORANGES,
DATES,
FIGS,
Nuts,
At the very lowest possible prices
Also
Canaries
—AND—
Brass Cages.
W.F. Williamson,
295 Thames Street.

FINE
Photograph Gallery
For Sale Cheap—Good Business,
GOOD CHANCE FOR AN
Amateur.
A. L. LEAVITT,
126 Bellevue Avenue.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,
CONTRACTOR
—AND—
BUILDER
OF MASON WORK
NEWPORT, R. I.
Rifling, Draining and all kinds of
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Orders left at
16 Callendar Avenue

ARCTIC ICE CO.
WHOLESALE
AND
Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.
Telephone connection.
OFFICE, Commercial Wharf.
JOHN H. GREENE, Supt.

Salvator Beer,
during the
HOLIDAYS,
Bottled and in Bulk,
AT
D. W. Sheehan's,
KINSELY'S WHARF.

United States Hotel

In Plain Language, tells
"Golden Medical Discoveries"
complete family doctor
illustrated. It will be sent
of twenty-one (21) one-cent
cost of mailing only. Ad.
DISPENSARY MEDICAL AS
663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.

